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A STUDENT PUBLICATION

The Gateway

University of Alberta

EDITOR—C. E. BRISBIN

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Editorial



THE name *Stet* calls for some explanation. It is from a Latin verb and when used imperatively means "Let it stand." Proof readers have been using it in this manner for centuries. We were searching for a short, easily remembered name off the beaten track. Dashing off mentally in all directions we looked for something different around this new university of ours. We found every new trail we tried to blaze alarmingly clustered with fence posts, post holes, gateways and other spoor of our predecessors. Having thus had a surfeit of the wide free west we retired to our editorial chambers and concentrated on getting something into print. The name took care of itself. The readers may ring the changes of such symbolism as the name may have.

The most popular question concerning *Stet*, after its name is its purpose. Briefly it is to encourage you to write, paint, compose, draw, photograph or what you will. We feel there is a lot of talent around the campus which cannot be tailored to the demands of the Gateway. Literary supplements in the past have given some room for such contributions but as a rule time and space limit their acceptance. If you will find the time *Stet* will find the space.

We wish to block the idea at the beginning that this magazine is the property of the students of English and Fine Arts. While much is expected of them in their chosen fields the students of other faculties should get in it. Scapels, slide rules, test tubes and other impediments should be dropped and the Muse succumbed to. We warn you at the outset that the hardest part is getting started. Projects have a habit of generating their own steam then and dragging you through to the end.

Besides material *Stet* has need of a staff. This matter is taking on urgency. We could do with a number of people ready to correct our erring judgment, dig copy out of reluctant scribes, sharpen artists' pencils and, mayhap, ring the odd welkin when the magazine is put to bed. It isn't all dull care. In our present isolated condition there is a danger of us regarding our personal pronoun as royal rather than editorial.

We think this magazine can be a success. We hope you like it and will support it. We think the leading ghost on the campus can be laid. It is just a word, the Greeks had it and they can have it back —*huppo*

Contributions should be submitted to the Editor, care of the Gateway, Athabasca Hall. Deadline for the December issue is December 7th.

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THE ROAD TO NO PLACE

R. L. GORDON

AT six o'clock in the murky winter evening the last straggler of the dockhands had made his way wearily up the grey hill from the yard, his grey woollen muffler bunched around his neck, his grey stained cloth cap pulled down on his head, his ragged, paint-smeared clothes damp with the falling rain. At intervals from then until about nine the little knots of seamen trudged up the same hill to find a couple of hours of light and warmth and cheerful noise in any one of the dockside pubs. At eleven-thirty still smaller groups stumbled singing or in silence down the hill back to the ships. And by midnight the streets were silent and almost deserted—almost deserted but not quite.

With his hands thrust deep into his pockets, Lofty lounged in the doorway of the Three Fishers half sheltered from the drizzling night rain. A battered barefooted boy of twelve or so paused and looked up at him.

"Gi' us a penny, mister."

"G'arn 'ome," snarled Lofty.

The boy was small and the man knew although he could not see them, that the kid's eyes were red and bleary.

"'Ome!" sneared the boy contemptuously, "Don't be funny, mister." He coughed a couple of times and repeated the words as if it were baby talk.

In his trouser pocket Lofty could feel a penny and a shilling. Slowly he withdrew the penny and chucked it down without a word. The boy groped on the wet pavement to recover it. He stood his ground with the penny clutched tightly in his left hand and demanded a light too.

"Wot ship, mite?" he asked, once his fag was glowing again.

Lofty lifted one sodden, torn boot, and the kid fled down the street with a loud curse at his benefactor.

Somewhere in the distance a clock boomed out the twelve reverberating strokes of midnight. Lofty counted them and, standing there alone in the doorway of The Three Fishers, half drunk, wet, cold, hungry, and with only a shilling to his name, he knew that it was too late—not just too late for tonight but too late for always.

The street which the smeared and now blank windows of The Three Fishers looked on, Sweetgrass Road, was neither better nor worse nor, in fact, distinguishable at all appearance from its sisters. Dark brick tenements with their empty window boxes, drab rooming houses with faded



signs announcing "Bed 2/, Bed and Break. 3/", Sailors Rests, pubs and bars, grimy with coal smoke, broken windows stuffed with rags, all crowd along each side of the greasy, narrow, cobble-stone road.

Lofty put his wet hand into his shirt pocket and drew out a package of Woodbines between a thumb and forefinger. There were two left. He had thought there were three, but it didn't matter. He removed one, lit it, and replaced the package, gently patting his chest to make sure it was safe. The flare of the match had lit up for a moment the dark doorway and the locked door itself. Lofty was not given to sentimental fancies but he thought now of how many seamen had sheltered miserably under this low arch before him and how many seamen after him would wait here, just wait in the dark with no place to go.

No place to go.

"That's been my trouble all along," he thought. "Never had a place to go—that's how I started." Then, because there was no one near, he said it aloud: "That's how I got started." But no one in Sweetgrass Road replied, for all good men were in bed. He smiled and dragged deeply on his fag. Begging money when he could, trying to earn it when he couldn't; getting more kicks than pennies, more curses than kindness. He smiled again and asked Sweetgrass Road where he should go now. Down to the ship—to the stinking fo'c's'le of the stinking tramp? The seamen's hostel—rows of lousy mattresses on the creaking floor? The rain fell into the dark, silent tunnel of a street and he stood in

the doorway staring out at the blackness. "That kid," he thought, "just the same as me. That's the way they breed 'em here. No place to go." He half wished the boy would come back and he didn't quite know why. Was this everything then? Did you just go on like this and get old and come ashore with no place to go—no place, like the toothless consumptives who roamed the dockyard begging scraps from ships. Was that how it ended? Lofty knew it was and he tossed his cigarette out into the darkness, watching the little spark of light whirl through the air and die as it hit the road. "Just like that," he whispered.

It was too late, he guessed, to change anything now. He was only thirty but he was old. He had been old at ten.

Above the dripping of the rain, the slow even steps of the policeman sounded on the street, and Lofty crouched back in the corner until he had gone by—crouched back as if he was afraid—crouched back in the filth of that doorway—cringed like a whipped animal.

"Cor, thought he'd cop us," said a voice. It was the boy.

"Where'd you come from?" muttered Lofty.

"The sky. 'Ave some bleedin' savvy mite. Where'd ye think? Comin' back t'see if y'r still 'ere an' I 'eard 'im comin', clomp, clomp, like a bleedin' great elerphant, so I 'ops in 'ere."

Lofty was silent. That's how it began. For the first time in thirty years he asked himself why he had slunk back and, not knowing the answer, he asked the kid.

"Garn," said the boy contemptuously, "so's 'e wouldn't see me, course. Ter git out of 'is wy."

To get out of his way. That was it. He'd spent his whole life learning to get out of people's way. Lofty shook himself, spat, and said to the kid: "Where y' goin' now?"

"I ain't fussy," said the kid.

"Oh," said Lofty and spat again.

"Where you goin'?" asked the kid.

"Stow it," said Lofty angrily.

A scrawny cat sought shelter in the doorway and flew with a yowl back into the street when the boy kicked at it. The kid laughed tonelessly and coughed a couple of times.

"Look," said the man, "it ain't no good."

"'Ow d'y mean i tain't no good?"

"Ye gotta 'ave some plice t'go. When ye get my age ye gotta know ye've got some plice."

(Continued on page six)

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ON BEING A FOREIGNER

DOROTHY McBAIN

IT was with a sense of shock that I heard my fellow workers in Korea speak of Foreign School, Foreign Church, and Foreign Women's Club and realized that they were speaking of organizations intended for the English-speaking members of the white race. Foreigners! How could we be foreigners? That term had always been associated in my mind with something undesirable. I decided that I would not use the term. During the next five years, however, there were few days that I was not reminded of the fact that I was indeed a foreigner. The memory of those reminders was not a happy one.

At first I was much too busy sight-seeing to be aware of myself at all. Occasionally I would pinch myself to see if it were really I who was experiencing all the sights and sounds and smells. I saw people, but only in the mass. I was amused and scornful in turn as I interpreted what I saw in terms of western civilization. By the end of the second week I was filled with a desire to write a book on what I had seen. In short, I was a tourist.

Then came a period of depression as I settled down to study the language. The glamour of tourist life was gone, and only the drudgery of language study remained. Would I ever be able to make myself understood? It was especially disconcerting to hear very small children chattering away, not in the least aware of the difficulty with which one learned their language. I couldn't even say "good morning" without sending my teacher into near hysterics. I learned later that I had invariably reversed the syllables and was calling her a fish each time I greeted her.

Before very long I realized that the Korean community was quite aware of the presence of the foreigner in its midst. When one of us appeared on the streets, groups of men and women would gather and make remarks to one another as we passed. Children would stop their crying and gaze at us in open-mouthed astonishment. Disillusionment came with an understanding of the language. "Here comes a foreigner," shouted a man to his neighbours, and they quickly gathered. "Look at her feet. Why, they are just like men's feet," said one. "I can't see her feet for her mountain of a nose," said another. "Their talk is just like the hissing of geese," contributed a third. My chagrin was complete when a mother called out to her wailing child, "Here is the foreign devil. I'll give you to her if you don't stop that noise.

Another day a group of children called out, "Hawk nose!" as I passed by. It was that day that a storekeeper began to shout at me as if I were deaf, when he couldn't understand my question, and a group of men and women followed me about mimicking my speech and laughing loudly, until in despair I hurried home without finishing my errands.

"Foreign devil" and "Hawk nose" are two of the favorite epithets reserved for the foreigner, and they were like a burning brand on my soul. I know now that the former term comes from their animistic religion. They believe that spirits or devils are lurking everywhere, ready to do them harm. Nor are these like the westerner's traditional devil, with cloven hoofs, horns and tail. Instead they are fair-haired and blue-eyed, the living images of which appeared from over the sea. "Hawk nose," on the other hand, is used to remind the westerner that a high nose is not considered aristocratic by the Oriental. Both terms were innocent enough, but their use never failed to hurt.

Travel by train usually started out as sheer fun, but seemed always to end in mental agony. I used to pretend to be asleep, but would hear, "Is that one of the foreign devils? Is her skin that color or is she wearing stockings?" When work-roughened fingers explored my legs, I had to open my eyes. After the customary greetings, my self-appointed inquisitor would commence: "How many sons have you?" My answer never failed to bring a horrified, "Not married? Why, how old are you? Have you neither father nor brothers?" Such naive questioning never had any barbs, but when my answers were received with much laughter until everyone in the car was listening, I would writhe in agony and wonder how the freaks in the sideshows ever endure their life. The Koreans have very strict rules governing behaviour in public and with strangers, but they never seemed to realize that the foreigners had any need of courtesy.

One never-to-be-forgotten day I left on an hour's notice to join a group of Korean girls and their teacher on a trip to a famous, but little-frequented temple, some miles from the railway. It was to meet them at the village, and my train arrived an hour before theirs. I didn't mind; it was a beautiful day and I had a new book. I would sit under a convenient tree and enjoy the wait. Alas for my plans. It was a festival day in the village and from three to four thousand people swarmed the

streets. I was soon surrounded and examined as if I were a man from Mars. I tried to explain my presence and used my politest Korean, but was informed that they didn't speak English. Then I opened my book and tried to be nonchalant. Immediately the crowd surged forward, my book was snatched from my hands and examined with great interest. Probably only two or three in that crowd had ever seen a westerner, for I saw every emotion registered except hostility and friendliness. Some were afraid, but for the most part I was an object for their entertainment, perhaps not quite human. That day I felt completely a foreigner.

Even in my own school, where there was both sympathy and understanding, I was occasionally reminded that I was a foreigner. In teachers' meetings a project had to be dropped more than once because the staff declared their foreign principles couldn't understand how Koreans really felt. In my English classes it was not rare to have a student shrink in terror when her foreign teacher would try to guide her hand in the formation of a word or letter.

During the last few weeks before my return on furlough I had a frequent recurring nightmare. I would be on board ship, and ready to disembark at Vancouver when I would discover that I could no longer speak English. As a result I was forbidden to land and had to return to Korea where the shrill screaming "Hawk nose" wakened me. Gradually I realized that the nightmares were the protest of my subconscious mind to me being a foreigner. I knew that I was welcomed by many, and that I had been happy for the most part, for there was work to be done that I could do. Yet the nicknames, the letting down of courtesy, and the perhaps unconscious cruelty of so many of the people was making life almost intolerable. How I longed to be where I would not be a foreigner.

Home! Only an exile knows the full beauty of that word. "You are going home," chanted the train wheels as I left Vancouver. I was a foreigner no longer. For a full year no heads would turn to stare as I walked down the street; no jeers would follow me. No one on the train would ask me how many sons I had or how old I was. I relaxed in deep contentment and was soon asleep.

Suddenly I was wide awake again roused by voices behind me. They were speaking English! Amazed, I half rose then

(Continued on page fourteen)

FOLKS HAS GOT TO HAVE SOMPIN' PURTY

JOHN NASADYK

AN BIG, soft white flakes of snow were drifting down when Sven stepped out of the barn with his pail of milk. It was thenly five o'clock, so there was still plenty of penef light, but the snow was falling so alanhickly now that he couldn't see very far d, mut on the prairie. The brown grass was s already covered with a thin blanket of ababnow. He looked at the house, standing l evike a big white cracker box in the fading notioight, and started up the path toward it, the endloft flakes patting at his face like moist moaby fingers. They got in his eyes and in amenis nose, and they tickled his ears. Little I felings like that made Sven mad; he could stand the bigger annoyances of this lamned country, but it was the little things I w hat made a man mean tempered.

as He stomped up on the porch, opened the rojedoor, and stepped into the warm kitchen. becaude set the milk-pail on the table and shook nciphe snowflakes off himself.

real "Well, Mina," he remarked, just to be t raying something, "She's here to stay this whtime. Third snowfall's always the start of de hwinter." He paused for a moment, then lettedadded, "That's about all you can count on e mn this damned country."

I w Sven always said, "this damned country" boar—he never called it Alberta, or the ouvoirairie, or even this country—always "this ld lamned country."

I w Sven continued to speak, "By tomorrow rn we'll have a real snortin' blizzard, and a g hard freeze-up. Paulsen's still got his ally cattle out on the range, too. He'll lose e half of 'em, I guess, then he'll come around o bellyachin' about his hard luck."

I w His wife, a thin, dispirited, reedy-bee voiced woman, stood at the window, staring e w moodily into the deepening dusk, watching et the feathery flakes fall. Rousing herself urtes from her reverie, she turned to the dim of room, "You'll have to fill the lamp before almot you light it, Sven. What was it you were wher saying?"

e fu Sven didn't answer. He went over to the washstand, twisting the burner out of the lamp, while Minna shook some coal I le into the big kitchen range.

onge "It's awful dreary here this time of the year, ain't it?" she commented.

tra "It's awful dreary here any time in this ad lamned country," Sven answered, as he bent over the kerosene can.

againt "I kinda wish I had somethin' to brighten up the house a little. It seems like we wought to have something like that during ose the winter. I get awful lonesome and dreary when you're out doing the chores."

"I guess you oughta, at that," replied Sven, busily trimming the lampwick. "It'll have to wait 'til spring, now, though. We won't get to town again this winter. I guess we'll be lucky to get to the store regular." He lit the lamp. "We're going to have a big blizzard today or tomorrow."



Sven was right. It was blowing hard when they awoke the next morning. The house was cold, and the heat-stove was almost out. A little streamer of powdery snow had drifted in through the crack under the front door. Sven got up and started fires in both the stoves, then he went back to bed to wait for the house to warm up.

The storm got worse during the day. It was hard work doing the chores. Sven, hardened as he was by years of sun and weather, had to turn his face away from the blizzard's million stabbing needles. Sometimes the wind almost lifted him off his feet, and when he went down to the field to chop a hole in the ice for the cattle, he had to feel his way back to the house along the fence, for fear of getting lost.

Toward dusk the storm began to abate slightly, but there was still enough power in the wind to shake the house when the heavy gusts came. Sven banked the fires heavily before he went to bed.

All was still when they woke the next morning. Sven's footsteps sounded loudly in the chilly air, when he got up to fix

the fires. All the windows were coated with frost.

Sven scraped a little circle on the kitchen window, and peeped out. As far as his eye could see, the snow lay newly driven, unbroken save for fencelines, and a tiny house in the distance. Great smooth drifts had formed in the back yard, while out on the open land the gleaming white sheet lay in long rolls and ripples threading and interweaving across the fields. Some merry sprite in that biting north wind had traced a myriad of fanciful patterns in the snow on the knoll-long sweeping curves, short rounded curves, curves ornamented with filigree or lace, with never a straight line or a sharp angle. The bright, white light of the dawn cast a million brilliant lights on the snow, leaping, turning, dancing with every moment. They hurt Sven's eyes.

"Damned country," he mumbled under his breath as he lifted the coal-skuttle.

He bundled up heavily to go out and do the chores. As the cold slapped him in the face he glanced at the barometer by the door. "Thirty below! That's pretty bad for this time of year," he thought. "But we'll see a lot worse than that yet this winter in this damned country!" He tramped off through the snow, kicking a jagged, ugly path in the white drifts.

* * *

There was no chinook until January. But the warm west wind came, and the snow began to melt. Minna made Sven go down to the cellar to get a bundle of old sacks to lay on the back steps, so he wouldn't track mud into the house on his feet.

"My goodness," she complained, "I don't know how a body's to keep a house clean when it's thawing like this." She was one of those women who have to keep their houses unlivably spotless all the time. "Sometimes I just wish it'd stay froze up all winter so there wouldn't be so much mud tracked in. We never had to put up with this in Dakota."

"Y'gotta put up with it in this dammed country," Sven advised her.

The chinook continued for two days, melting most of the snow, and exposing the brown prairie land. All the sloughs and buffalo-wallows were full of snow and water. The air was sweet with the promise of spring and the whole land loosened its belt and threw out its chest, free of the rigid, icy bands of winter.

Less than a mile from the farm, antelope skimmed like happy swallows on the prairie.

Sven stood by the gate looking out; he didn't notice the antelope particularly; he wondered if it would be safe to turn the cattle out for a few days to get some of the grass. He decided against it. Usually it stayed open for a little while after a chinook, but, he thought, as he turned to go back to the barn, "You can never tell in this damned country."

* * *

There was more winter, and more chinooks, but eventually the big spring thaw came. As the frost came out of the ground, the roads and bare land turned to mud, while the brown sod lay steaming in the warm sunshine.

Sven turned the livestock out on the range, following them for a half-mile on the spongy prairie to get them away from the fences. As he strode along, switching the cattle with a pussy-willow wand, his unheeding hobnails crushed many a crocus—the pretty little violet flowers were in full bloom, nestling in sheltered places; behind a rock, in an old gopher hole, in the buffalo trails.

Presently Sven turned back. As he did so, there was a sharp whistle of alarm, and he caught a quick glimpse of two bright little eyes, and the quick flicker of a tail as the gopher vanished down his hole. He heard the whistle again, muffled by the ground, as he passed over. Far ahead, another gopher sat up like a tent-peg and whistled impudently at him. Sven reflected that he'd better get some gopher poison when he went to town. He went on into the house. A meadow-lark's cheery welcome to the spring rang out unheard! So did a redwing blackbird's merry "okaleegert!" as he teetered on a fence-wire.

"Minna," said Sven that evening, "I think I'll be able to go to town in two or three days, if the weather stays warm like it is." He was silent for a moment. "I'll bring you back sompin' purty when I come. Sompin' to brighten up the house, like you always say. It's so awful dreary in this damned country, folks has got to have sompin' purty."

"Sompin' purty," agreed Minna, "I been wishing for sompin' purty all winter."

"Yeh, so've I," admitted Sven magnanimously.

Sven was up before dawn on the day he was to leave. He had the chores done, and the shiny touring car backed out into the yard, just as the sun was appearing in the east.

The sage had leafed out in the past three days, and the sunlight caught the

new silvery leaves, bathing them in fire, ever-changing as the sun rose. An antelope stood stock-still, silhouetted in the same rosy light. Sven stood by the corner of the house looking out over the prairie.

"Minna," he called, "come here."

"Minna, is that cattle out there on the skyline? The light's too bright for me."

* * *

He arrived back home late in the evening, jovial, and smelling faintly of beer. "Got sompin' for you Minna," he shouted, as he burst into the kitchen. "Turn up the light and have a look." He fumbled in the grocery box and brought forth a large mysterious bundle. His big hands broke the stickers, and several paper rolls spilled out on the table.

"Ah," exclaimed Minna, "New wall-paper."

Sven opened one of the rolls proudly. "I saw it in Manson's window and right-away I knew it was what I wanted. Ain't it purty, Minna?"

It was a work of art. The background was a beautiful shade of yellow—bright like the yolk of an egg. Sprouts and tufts of green grass were liberally besprinkled upon the paper. Huge animals sprang over the tufts. There were bright red deer, and blue squirrels, and brown bears, and there was even a horse, in a sort of neutral shade. Interspersed among all this fauna was the flora: large purple flowers, and medium-sized red flowers, with long orange stems.

"And look!" Sven cried excitedly, "See the purty silver trees."

Mina was delighted in her restrained sort of way. "It sure is beautiful, Sven."

"Course, I guess the horse ain't so nice, but aside from that it sure is purty." He put his thumbs under his suspenders, and leaned back on his heels. "It's like I say, folks has got to have sompin purty around 'em in this damned country!"

THE ROAD TO NO PLACE

(Continued from page three)

"Ain't yer got no plice? Ain't yer in a ship?"

"I don't mean that kinder plice."

"Gärn, dahn't talk silly," said the kid condescendingly.

Lofty stopped and fished in his pocket for his last fag. The kid was right. He was "talkin' silly." Exactly what he meant he did not know but he knew that he meant something—some thing that he scarcely understood and was quite incapable of ever putting into words. He knew that four on, four hours off, in a dirty,

wallowing tramp in the North Sea, a few days drinking in Sunderland, an empty pocket, and back to sea again should not be all that there was for all men forever. Somewhere there must be something—something that somehow was better or different or both. Why was he the one who stood there alone with no place to go and with the rain falling on the worn cobblestones of the black street.

"Ain't yer ever goin' t'light up?" said the kid. "I want a drag."

"Yes," said Lofty slowly, "Yes, I'm goin' t'light up."

When he struck the match, he held it close to the boy's face for a moment before applying it to his own cigarette. It was the sort of face he expected to see. It was the face of Sunderland, the face of Sweetgrass Road, his face twenty years back.

It was too late—too late for everyone who breathed the magic air of Beacon Street, Wanderhurst Road, Garvin Crescent, Duke Street, or Sweetgrass Road before they opened their eyes—too late for the babies with scabs around their mouths who sit on the curb in summer and play with the refuse on the street—too late for the kid like the one tonight—too late for himself—and far, far too late for the old men of the docks.

"Let's 'ave a drag, mite."

He passed the cigarette to the boy and in the darkness he felt the kid's thin, wet hand against his own. The distant clock boomed two, and the last, echoing vibrations died away between the sleeping black tenements. Lofty realized he was sober. He had hardly been aware of the fact that he had been drunk until now. He was cold; he was wet; and he was sober. Two o'clock.

A quick footstep clacking on the wet sidewalk rose suddenly above the steady dribble and drip.

"Where ye goin', sister?" asked Lofty quietly, as the girl came level with the doorway.

She started back, but not quite enough.

"Home," she said. "What's it to ye?" Her voice was neither angry nor excited, just tired.

"Nuthin' much," said Lofty. "I only got a bob."

"O.K. Sailor," she said softly, "there's a war on. Come on."

As he turned to follow her, the kid grabbed his sleeve. "Got another fag, mite?" he whispered.

"No," said Lofty, and then, after a pause, "look kid, ain't you got no place to go—no place?"

"No," laughed the kid, "I ain't old enough—yet."

VIRGINIA WOOLF

HELEN MCGREGOR

ONE DAY, as I was browsing through the stacks of a musty little bookstore, I came upon a small brown book tucked between two large purple novels. Why I did not choose one of these instead of taking down their small companion, I do not know, save that its air of self-sufficiency (not even a title scratched on its back) intrigued me. I opened it at the second-to-the-last page (where one is told never to look except in the chronological sequence of reading), and what I found was this:

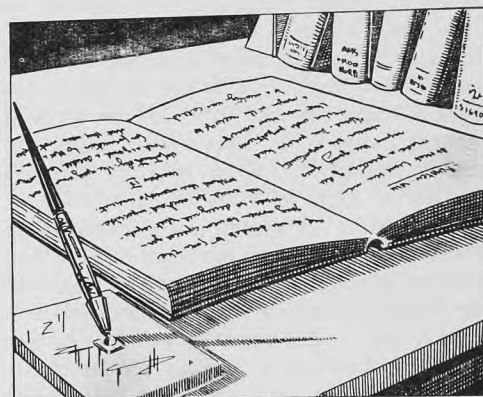
"I told you in the course of this paper that Shakespeare had a sister; but do not look for her in Sir Sidney Lee's life of the poet. She died young—alas, she never wrote a word. She lies buried where the omnibuses now stop, opposite the Elephant and Castle. Now my belief is that this poet who never wrote a word and was buried at the cross-roads still lives. She lives in you and in me, and in many other women who are not here tonight, for they are washing up the dishes and putting the children to bed. But she lives; for great poets do not die; they are continuing presences; they need only the opportunity to walk among us in the flesh. This opportunity, as I think, it is now coming within your power to give her. For my belief is that if we live another century or so—I am talking of the common life which is the real life and not of the little separate lives which we live as individuals—and have have five hundred a year each of us and rooms of our own; if we have the habit of freedom and the courage to write exactly what we think; if we escape a little from the common sitting-room and see human being not always in their relation to each other but in relation to reality; and the sky, too, and the trees or whatever it may be in themselves; if we look past Milton's bogey, for no human being should shut out the view; if we face the fact, for it is a fact, that there is no arm to cling to, but that we go alone and that our relation to the world of reality and not only to the world of men and women, then the opportunity will come and the dead poet who was Shakespeare's sister will put on the body which she has so often laid down. . . . But I maintain that she would come if we worked for her, and that so to work, even in poverty and obscurity, is worth while."¹

Such a paragraph is both provocative and significant. "Where," I asked myself, "has a sister of William Shakespeare come from? Who is this author who so emphatically states, in spite of all the romantic nonsense about poets creating masterpieces in draughty garrets, that a woman writer must have financial independence and privacy, and that with these she may create works which will stand as peers with the best man has produced?" I turned to the front of the volume and found that it was *A Room of One's Own* by Virginia Woolf. This was my introduction to a fascinating individual, and to a new world where every sensation, every passing thought were etched with a delicate precision upon one's mind; a world in which time and space took on a strange amorphous quality; a world in which one was able to walk freely through yesterday, today and tomorrow, where all things were striving toward supreme reality—complete consciousness of one's mind, body and spirit, but chiefly one's mind.

Virginia Woolf was born in 1882, Virginia Stephen. Her father, Leslie Stephen "the distinguished critic, biographer, philosopher and scholar, who lived from 1832 to 1904 and was on friendly terms with almost all the great Victorian writers"² and married twice, first to Thackeray's daughter and later to a widow who bore him four children of which Virginia was one.

In spite of her large family and many friends, Virginia was a lonely child. Her delicate health prevented her from undertaking the usual educational curricula but the atmosphere of usual culture in which she grew up was ideal for her own kind of self-education. Her mind, free from the web of Victorian religion and morals, wandered where it chose, rejecting all that was dishonest, hypocritical and, above all, unintelligent. Her childhood was divided between Cornwall and London, and both the loneliness of the sea and the ordered turmoil of city life haunted her imagination.

At twenty-two, Virginia with her sister and two brothers moved to Bloomsbury and Virginia began to write. At first her work was wholly critical. She slowly gathered background material to give body to her own creative writings. Her genius as a creative artist did not emerge until she had explored the hinterland of literature, not with a camera but with a sketch



book in which she "caught the style of her model while imposing a style of her own."

The critical essays of the *Common Readers* are a far cry from the usual. Mrs. Woolf (for Virginia Stephen married Leonard Woolf, journalist and publicist, in 1922), ignores the artificial barriers of the centuries and steps with confidence and knowledge into the time of which she writes. In the *First Common Reader* she quotes a sentence from Dr. Johnson's Life of Gray " . . . I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted by literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours," which sets the key for her own work. Here too, one will find the delightful *The Pastons and Chaucer* and the penetrating essay *On Not Knowing Greek*. In *The Second Common Reader* the luminous insight of her earlier works has given way to the superficial brilliance which divided the work of a professional writer from the early, spontaneous creation of an individualized artist.

Although most of her critical studies are biographical, Mrs. Woolf is most entertaining in her biographies themselves. There is *Flush*, the biography of Elizabeth Barret Browning's spaniel, which, while remaining thoroughly doggy, avoids the pitfalls of sentimentality, and consistently retains the footstool viewpoint of its hero.. Save for her ruthless extermination nad complete intolerance of Stupidity, Virginia Woolf is a tolerant, conscientious and, above all, imaginative artist. Still in the biographical vein is one of her most unusual and fascinating books—*Orlando*.

¹*A Room of One's Own*, Virginia Woolf, Hogarth Press, London, 1930, p. 171 ff.

²Virginia Woolf, David Daiches, New Direction Books, Harvard, Connecticut.

Orlando purports to be a biography of Mrs. Woolf's great friend, Victoria Sackville-West, but is no biography in the ordinary sense. The author weaves the life, ancestry and literary work of her subject into a tale which begins in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and finishes on "the twelfth stroke of midnight, Thursday, the eleventh of October, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-eight"; a story in which the hero changes sex and in which the style of writing varies to correspond with the period described. Even without knowing the actual facts of Victoria Sackville-West the story is extraordinarily captivating. First there is a lusty description of Elizabethan life; Orlando becomes the favourite of Elizabeth herself and is showered with all luxury. He lives intensely, laughs joyously, develops a passion for literature and falls in love with a Russian Princess at the time of the Great Frost in London. Mrs. Woolf's description of the Great Frost and the subsequent thaw are among the most vivid and compelling in the language. One will not easily forget the riotous carnival life on the ice and the disastrous overnight thaw which sent the yellow waters of the Thames thundering forth carrying away the sleeping revellers on the fur-covered divans, the merchant with his gold and the banquet table set for a feast.

Orlando's princess deserts him and he goes, in the 17th century to Constantinople as an ambassador. He is awarded the ducal coronet, the Order of the Garter and marries a gypsy. Seven days later he falls into a trance, the Turks storm the palace but leave him alone, thinking him dead. Finally he awakes to discover that he is now a woman and a woman he remains throughout the book—through her life with the gypsies, her journey to England in the day of Addison, her meeting with Pope and her marriage to Marmaduke Bonthrop Shelmerdine Esquire (a Byronic hero) in the early 19th century. (Bonthrop's ambition is to sail around the Horn in a roaring gale.) There is so much detail, so many delicately descriptive and ironically humorous passages that the reading of *Orlando* is an unforgettable evening of exquisite entertainment.

Now we hover on the brink, hesitating before we plunge into that blue-green world, which will flow over us and around us and hold us breathless, the world of the novels of Virginia Woolf. Her first was *The Voyage Out*, written when the author was only twenty-four. It is a little heavy, a little clumsy, like a butterfly slowly emerging from its cocoon, swaying a bit from side to side, edging carefully along the branch to a secure spot and waveringly spreading its gorgeous wings to dry in the

sunlight. The story is the life of Rachel Vinrace, who, in her middle twenties knows only the narrow world of her two maiden aunts in Richmond Park. Another aunt persuades Rachel's father, a sea captain to allow her to holiday at the little South American island of Santa Marina. Rachel goes, falls in love, becomes engaged and in the midst of her great happiness contracts fever and dies. Such is the stuff of the plot. But it is not the plot which is the significant portion of Virginia Woolf's novels, it is the characterization, *The Voyage Out* is an attempt to explore the mind of Rachel, and to discover the psychological motives which control her actions. When Mrs. Woolf succeeds in drawing the chart, there is no further need of her heroine and she dies. There are too many minor characters of the upper-middle class (which forms the world of all of Mrs. Woolf's novels); too little variety. Laborers, charwomen and the like are difficult for Virginia Woolf to describe. They scarcely existed for her in real life, and do not live in her works.

Her second novel *Night and Day* was a retrogression from the first but served as a spur which urged its author to find a more succinct manner of expressing herself. And now we leave the shallows. What have we discovered? Plot is nothing, character everything. But conventional characterization is not to be found except in the creation of unimportant minor figures. For the dominant personalities of her novels, Mrs. Woolf evolved her own technique which is reminiscent of Sterne, James Joyce and Marcel Proust. As we read her works chronologically, her style opens out before us like a flower. *Jacob's Room* "an uneven little book" is her great departure from the traditional. The bud breaks and the flower opens in *Mrs. Dalloway* where "... in the framework of a London summer's day, down go spiralling two fates; the fate of the sensitive worldly hostess, and the fate of the sensitive obscure maniac; though they never touch, they are closely connected, and at the same moment we lose sight of them both."³ Then comes *To the Lighthouse* which has been called a novel in sonata form—in three movements. It is the story of a young boy's passionate desire to visit a lighthouse and his father's ruthless and decisive prophecy that the weather will prevent the excursion. The child becomes a man and goes to the lighthouse, but all is changed, although it remains superficially the same like the ocean's waves.

³Virginia Woolf by E. M. Forster, Cambridge University Press, 1941.

Next to *Orlando* the *Waves* is to me the most interesting of the novels. It hesitates on the brink of poetry and indeed, the later chapters are luminous examples of poetic prose. But Mrs. Woolf knows her limits and keeps her book from becoming boring and arty. She weaves the soliloquies of the book into an intricate but skilful design which satisfies the mind and fires the imagination. Mr. Forster considers this her greatest book. She is a poet who writes in prose and when she deserts poetry, as she does in the *Years*, she fails. Her last, and posthumously published novel *Between the Acts* is an attempt to depict the whole of English history within the setting of a rural pageant; it "illustrates how all reality depends on change, all unity in diversity."

Virginia Woolf was interested in all life but had she had to choose between the world of matter and the world of mind, she would unhesitatingly choose that of mind. The "stream of consciousness" which is characteristic of Joyce and Proust is found in her works, and Freud and Bergson have their place in her novels. But in spite of her preoccupation with time and space, the shimmering bubble of the present moment with its sights, sounds, odors and tastes had a profound effect upon her. Without the senses she could have written nothing. That is, in order to exploit the mental at the metaphysical to the fullest extent possible for her, she was bound to the physical. She attempts to "recreate experiences which lie beyond the intellect." She could, with a few strokes of the pen draw a picture of the imaginary sister Shakespeare, who gifted like him but lacking educational opportunities, ran away from home to London where she sought work in the theatre, was jeered at, starved until she was befriended by one of the players, and when she found herself widowed, killed herself and lies, so we are told, "at some crossroads where the omnibuses stop outside the Elephant and Castle", and never had an opportunity to express the flame of poetic genius which burned within her.

And what masterpieces of original artistry would Virginia Woolf have created had she lived her natural span? Alas, we do not know. Her tragic death was a shock to her friends and to her readers. She had suffered a breakdown when she was twenty-five, and felt a recurrence approaching in the spring of 1941. Feeling sure that this time it would be permanent she went for a walk by the river one day in March. Her walking stick was found

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PERCIVAL SPOILS HIS PEN

J. E. GANDER

THOSE of us who knew Percival Mildew best, decided that someone must write his biography. Not that Percival was a great man, nor a brilliant man, nor even an outstanding man, but because he was, well, a man. Since I claimed Percival as a first cousin, the honor fell to me. The object of the biography, as set down by the group of associates most familiar with Percival, was to present the common, every day occurrences in his life, and to leave out the unusual, more spectacular adventures that tended to set Percival apart from his fellow men. The unusual, in any event, are universally known, and will live as legend without a biography to record them.

Upon being asked to choose the one adventure from the biography most typical of Percival, the one that would give a fair conception of his day by day existence, I chose the one given here. In this incident, that passed almost unnoticed by Percival in the strenuous business of living, I think that the most concentrated example of his total character can be found.

Percival lived each day as a separate era in history. What had happened yesterday, last month, or last year no longer had significance for him. No memory seemed to remain; no lesson had been learned; the yesterdays stretched behind him like corpses behind the conquering warrior. Each day had come, had been valiantly encountered, and now lay in its little crypt in the dark, heavy folds of Percival's mind, without even an epitaph for memory carved into the marble of Percival's skull.

The future remained an unintelligible mass of events yet to be grappled. But each day began clear and calm for Percival; his mental vision, like his physical vision, could see clearly for a very limited distance, and because no one has invented spectacles for a short-sighted mind, Percival stoically accepted his handicap, and with rare intelligence did not strive to see beyond his limited mental horizon.

This particular adventure occurred about a month after Percival had arrived in the Canadian north, having accepted a position of a nature too confidential for me to disclose. The type of employment has no importance to the story, except that it allowed him sufficient leisure for reading, and even enabled him to take a day "off" from time to time.

When Percival accepted any position that took him away from his immediate family group, I was always notified, because, under those circumstances, I made

a special effort to travel with him. He seemed to need someone to interpret the little, incidental things in life for him; his mind was designed to see only those things which escape you or me. He could not always grasp, for example, that he must sign his pay cheque in order to get the money represented thereon, but his mind was marvellously quick to see the comparison, say, between the soap suds on a basin of water, and a great commercial aeroplane; a comparison which not only had escaped me before Percival pointed it out to me, but which, I confess, escaped me even after Percival had gone to great pains to explain it to me.

But, all of this material is aside from the main story. This day's adventure, uneventful as it may seem, I shall tell in the order of its happening, although I observed it from such a distance that Percival had to fill in many details that at the time of happening escaped my attention.

I realized the night before, that Percival was planning something. The squinting behind huge, black-rimmed, heavy lenses, the frowns of concentration, the wrinkling up of his nose, are all signs that unfailingly indicate the process of planning. He had been reading one of his favorite books concerning the Canadian North West. (He always attempted to suit his reading to his surroundings; an admirable trait, completely lacking in most people.)

In his informal study of early settlement in the northland, Percival naturally came across stories of Indians. He enjoyed Indian tales, because, I think, he saw in the Indian those manly qualities which he admired so much. When he retired that night, after reading this particular story, the look of concentration that he wore suggested an Edison or an Einstein about to enter some vast, unknown world.

The morning dawned bright and clear, and I had no doubt that Percival's plans were complete. He hinted to me that he planned a short canoe trip. I managed to glance through the story that he had been reading, and sure enough, the Indian here had "shot" a mighty rapid, in a canoe. Moreover, that Indian, Leaping Fish, had apparently navigated the Suicide Rapids that churned and boiled through the constricting rock-bound neck in the Black Snake river. Percival and I were living at that time very close to the Black Snake river. Within two miles of us, the water ran shallow and ran swift over the rocks

in Suicide Rapids! No one who had seen the rapids had believed the story of Leaping Fish's canoe trip through them. Many men had tried to take one kind of a boat or another through, but only battered corpses and broken boats had floated into the still waters at the foot of the rapids. The danger was superlative for Percival.

Of course, anyone who knew Percival even slightly, or had even heard of Percival, would have advised him not to go. But Percival, so advised, would have paid no attention. He would have stared unblinkingly from behind his saucer-like spectacles, wrinkled his nose, and said nothing. But he would have gone. People had doubted the story of his favorite Indian, Leaping Fish. Percival would prove its truth. If the Indian could shoot the rapids, he, Percival Mildew, could.

The canoe that lay ashore several hundred yards above the rapids was not a steady craft. An average-sized man could have lifted its light-weight into the water with no difficulty. Percival was not an average-sized man. Percival was scarcely a man. I say that not in derision, but because only by true representation can I make the biography accurate. Percival stood just five foot six on tiptoes. The only big things about him were his head and his glasses.

He struggled alone with the canoe for some time. I could not assist him, because, as was usual in these adventures, I had been forbidden to come along. Hence, I must remain hidden behind the large rock on the river's shore. Had I been permitted to make my help available, Percival would have scathingly refused it. But, in any event, I was more anxious to see him fail to launch the canoe, than to see him succeed. He struggled on. He tried lifting it; he tried rolling it; he tried pushing it; and finally, when he tried rolling it, the canoe tumbled into the water with a splash.

Luckily, it landed right side up. Percival never could have righted it. But, with the canoe in the water, and a paddle in the canoe, and the story of the Indian by his side, Percival was ready for his daring adventure.

A good canoe closely resembles a well-spirited horse. It is anxious to go; in fact, it trembles with eagerness; it responds to the slightest touch of the experienced hand; spurts ahead if correctly urged; but will balk in a most unmanageable fashion if subjected to the unpredictable caprices of

the inexperienced. Percival, the acme of inexperience, obtained the natural response from the canoe.

Having pushed away from the shore, Percival clutched firmly to both sides of the canoe, for fully a minute, and sat gingerly on the rear seat. Even these precautions failed to check the dangerous teetering of the canoe. The unmatched couple drifted slowly out into the stream. Finally, Percival became accustomed to the "feel" of the canoe. The canoe was not accustomed to the "feel" of Percival, or his paddling, and went around in circles as he tried vainly to steer is somewhere—anywhere. The drift downstream continued. The rapids looked much more ominous as the canoe approached them. The waters of the rapids foamed dangerously over black, slippery forms of boulders scattered through the stream; and, pushing past rocks, roared thunderous, resounding defiance. Percival would not admit fright—some nervousness perhaps.

One thing Percival could sense was danger. True, he rarely sensed it in the right place at the right time, but today his perception was correct. Percival did not think quickly, but he began to grasp that the Indian had known something about canoes that he, Percival, did not know. Furthermore, he realized that if he failed to gain some mastery over this unruly monster, he could not hope to navigate the rapids—meanwhile, the canoe drifted toward them.

As Percival became alarmed, his actions became more violent. No light, fine-featured canoe will tolerate violent, sudden actions. It will wait until the rider least suspects treachery, and then lunge over sideways, throwing its occupant into the water. Percival suspected nothing. His canoeing experience was contained in the story of Leaping Fish, and, naturally, no mention was made of any canoe upsetting, it never did for the Indian.

Luckily, Percival could swim. When the plunge came, Percival, in complete bewilderment at his present position, found himself treading water. The canoe, the paddle, and his hat, had floated twenty yards downstream. The story of the Indian had sunk. Percival, in no mood to chase any of the floating objects except his hat, recovered that, and placed it on his head.

But he never had considered the possibility of swimming over the rapids, nor did such a possibility appeal to him. As a matter of fact, he had not considered the possibility of swimming at all, and therefore he was dressed completely, right up to tie, and suit coat. He parted with the suit coat, and with his shoes; they weighed him too heavily. Then Percival began to swim.

One other consideration had escaped Percival's attention. Northern waters can be, usually are, and were that day, frigid. Percival shivered; he shivered more violently; he shivered so violently that he shook from head to foot. He began to go numb; he went numb-er and numb-er. The thought dawned slowly that if the process continued he would soon be too stiff to swim; in which case he would be drowned. But Percival's analytical mind seldom failed him in an hour of need.

He could see the large fish of the river swimming to and fro around him, and near enough to touch. Even in his precarious situation, he could not help wondering how these fish could swim in water so cold. The answer came to him slowly. (No answer ever had come otherwise; many answers never came at all.)

"Fish," said Percival to himself, "are cold-blooded creatures. They are so cold-blooded that this water, freezing to me, feels warm to them. If I were that cold-blooded, or even a little more cold-blooded than I am, this water would seem warm enough for me to swim in it. All I need is a little fish blood."

Once Percival had arrived at the solution to any problem nothing could stand in his way. If fish blood he needed, then fish blood he would have. How? A transfusion. The answer flashed to Percival as no answer ever had done before. But how to conduct the transfusion.

Meanwhile, he drifted nearer to the rapids.

Fish swam all around him, unconscious of his desire for a transfusion. Percival spied a particularly fine sturgeon, and made a grab for him. Most fish are quite capable of eluding the human grasp; but these fish never before had seen a human, least of all, Percival. He easily caught the sturgeon on the first trial. Now for some fish blood.

Percival could think of only one instrument that might transfer some of the fish blood to his veins. (It must be said in praise of Percival that most people could not even have thought of one.) Percival had with him his fountain pen. It was not in his suit coat that he had discarded, but by a lucky chance, was in his vest coat pocket. The pen had a fine nib. With the dexterity of a skilled surgeon (which he was not) Percival, after pumping most of the ink out of the pen, inserted the nib into the gill of the fish. He pumped it in he would at an ink well. The pen filled. Inside the pen surged the nice, rich, cold blood of the sturgeon. In fact, the blood was so cold that the little droplets of blood gathered on the outside surface of the pen. Then, rolling up his left sleeve, Percival found the vein at his left elbow. (Again notice his careful thinking; most people would have sought an artery, and wasted all the fish blood.)

Carefully, he jabbed the pen into his arm and emptied it. A wonderful feeling passed over him as the fish blood coursed through his veins, cooling him so that he began to feel warm. (It's all taken care of in some law or other in Physics.)

But Percival was not satisfied. He had been forced to liberate the sturgeon while he was engaged with his own arm. Now he looked around for more fish. The operation was repeated, and repeated. Percival felt much better. He was warm, and his swimming improved considerably. But one thing had been forgotten temporarily. The rapids! There they were, not before him, but all around him.

Poor Percival had planned to go through the rapids in a canoe, but found himself instead, cast into them with nothing between him and certain death but his own skill and cool daring, a like coolness necessitated by ice-cold water, but instead of him, the glow of warmth supplied by the cool blood from the fish, and the glow of pride from his new ability to swim without certain fishy ease.

I need not dwell upon Percival's brilliant navigation of the dangerous waters. The mighty strokes, the lunges past rocks, the leaps into the air required for such a feat will be understood by any swimmer. Suffice to say that Percival arrived at the lower end of the turbulent waters, safe and sound, and tingling with the cold warmth of the fish blood.

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THE FRIENDLY VOICE OF THE MIGHTY PEACE

S. MEALING

ANY member of the Chamber of Commerce of Peace River or Grande Prairie would have thrilled with pride at my reaction when I boarded the Grande Prairie train last May. The train was not really so good, but I had not been any distance by train since the war, and had heard frightening stories about the Skunk, that diesel-engined horror that runs between Edmonton and Athabasca. The Peace River country, let me say again, is better served. I was also unprepared for the number of British accents about me. Everyone in the car, excepting me, was going to Grande Prairie itself, and all of them sounded as if they had just come from Yorkshire, Lancashire, or the Lowlands. Under the circumstances a decidedly drunk voice from the smoker, loudly condemning the so-and-so Limey for having taken advantage of our stupidity in the bacon agreements then just completed, was a trifle embarrassing. The voice continued unabated while the stony-faced porter made out the berths. I went out to stand on the platform a moment before turning in, and, while passing through the smoker, saw the voice's owner. He was rather fat and very sweaty and very eager to argue with me, but I reflected that a little economics on one side of an argument and a lot of liquor on the other do not make for a profitable discussion, so I hurried by him and off to bed. After a cruelly brief interval I was roused by the porter, arranged my belongings either on my person or in my suitcase, and groped my way off the train into the town of McLennan. It was raining and must have been raining for years, for everything was hidden in mud or mist. I found the hotel, which had been built very sensibly almost on the railroad tracks, selected from a list at the desk the nearest vacant room, found it, found the bed in it, and went back to sleep.

I was awakened by a radio. "Good morning!" the announcer was saying, "This is CFGP, the friendly 1000-watt voice of the Peace River country, broadcasting on an assigned frequency of—" A voice which was not that of CFGP interrupted to make inquiries after its new school teacher, and a face appeared briefly at my door. The voice informed me that the face belonged to the superintendent of schools, that it was still raining and that I should be driven out to my school that afternoon. Then the face vanished, and I went back to sleep until it

reappeared and the voice announced that it was time to start.

My school was about 25 miles north on the highway to Peace River. On the drive out the superintendent ("inspector" is a term now frowned upon as unprogressive by the Department of Education) was not long in getting onto the note always sounded by Peace River people to people from anywhere else.

"You're not going into a wilderness," he assured me. "This is a fine farming district. This is a fine highway—we swerved towards the ditch—in dry weather. But you've got to dress for this mud. Now look at me." I had already done so. He wore a very much bespattered raincoat, with muddy rubber boots below it. His teeth fascinated me by their whiteness, the more so as his eyes, his eye-brows, and his cigar were so very black. He beamed at me in confidence and good-will. He discussed my previous teaching experience, which did not take long, the problems my school would present, and the people in the district. I gathered that, although this was not a wilderness, I must be prepared to make allowances for them. He drove as fast as he talked, his big hands very tight down at the bottom of the wheel, and we soon arrived at the place where I was to stay.

Kozij was the farmer's name. Although he no longer had any children attending my school, he was very glad to see a teacher come at last. The district had been without school for a year, and the year before that the school had been under a supervisor, not a qualified teacher; Mr. Kozij regarded my coming as a sign of progress. He said much about progress at supper, telling me frankly that the Peace River country was in the van of it. Nobody at all had lived there in 1924, and look at the country now. With the heaps of disabilities which governments place on farmers, one was foolish to farm; but the Peace River country was the place to do it. It was two months before everyone I saw stopped talking to me in this vein. By then I had learned to look convinced.

Very shortly it began to seem that I had never lived anywhere else. I walked to school in the morning along the grass beside the highway, refusing offered rides because the weather was so fine and my spirits so high. In the evening I came striding back along the same route, waving at the same people in the same fields, cut across the corner of a pasture and arrived at the kitchen door just in time for

supper. I knew that Mrs. Kozij would tell me, during supper, about the marriages of her three eldest daughters and the two engagements from which her youngest daughter had with great difficulty extricated herself, at which time her youngest would sit with eyes downcast either in embarrassment or in becoming modesty. I knew that Mr. Kozij would require me to agree that Peace River people were particularly friendly. And, until he grew discouraged at the newness and consequent hardness of my shoes, I knew that the dog would try to bite me as I entered the yard. After supper Mr. Kozij went to bed, the women talked, and I did one of two things, according to what day of the week it was.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays I walked to the lake, about a mile. It was not an attractive lake, for it was very reedy, and set in the middle of a slough, but on my first trip to it I had seen a moose. It had stood knee-deep in the reeds for as long as I stood still, then it made off across the open, its hoofs going clock, clock, and plunged into the bush where I heard the crash of its progress for a long time. I faithfully revisited the spot, but no further sight of the moose ever rewarded me. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays I went to my room, where the pattern for the wallpaper soon ceased to be startling, and rather faint-heartedly attacked the German language.

Kozij's daughter seemed less impressed by the Peace River country's advantages than her parents. She complained often of boredom and of the lack of social life and it was at her insistence that the family took the car to Falher every Saturday night without fail. That car, much the newer of the two in the district, was really the centre around which the Kozij's lives revolved. Because of it they had early celery and tomatoes from the little town of Donnelly before their own garden could supply them. Because of it they knew people in McLennan and High Prairie and Peace River Town. It helped to explain why they were not on intimate terms with anyone else nearby. I doubt that Mr. Kozij cared much for his car, but for his womenfolk it meant Falher twice a week.

Falher is the new legend of the Peace River. Not more than half-a-dozen years ago it was only the second stop west of McLennan on the railroad to Dawson Creek. It was unable to claim any ascendancy over Girouxville, which is the other town in the French-Canadian settlement north of the

Little Smoky River. It was reasonably quiet and rather small. It is still rather small, but quiet there has become a precarious thing. The beer parlour is the source of the town's activity, and the beer parlour owes its remarkable custom to the money which farmers have found in raising alfalfa feed. Sections which broke their owners' hearts when sowed in wheat are, after a little drainage, lining their pockets now that they have been sowed in alfalfa. There are whole sections of dark green leaves and purple blossoms, planted once every five years and cropped twice a season after the first year. Falher people understand the act of combining business with good cheer. The Goose Lakes Line's Oyen, which presently claims the distinction of consuming more liquor than any other town of less than 700 people in Alberta, may yet be forced to yield the palm to Falher,

Girouxville is inclined to regard Falher as the centre of the rich and wicked, and to preen itself on its decorum and, particularly, its piety. There is a pilgrimage to Girouxville every year, in which all the Falher people join, bareheaded and on foot. Girouxville thinks it needlessly ostentatious that Falher's pilgrims return by car. She regards the facade of Falher's church as parvenu vulgarity, too, and mutters dark things about retribution whenever there is a traffic accident.

Falher is the Peace River's newest, but not its only, legend. Even Falher pays homage to "Twelve-foot" Davis. Mr. Davis won his nickname by discovering an error of twelve feet in someone else's claim, filing on the narrow strip, and finding gold. This was in British Columbia, but it was in the Peace River country that Davis gave most of his money away, and it is there that he lies buried. Everyone between Blue Sky and McLennan has a different version of the Davis story; perhaps the correct one is that broadcast quite often over the Grande Prairie radio station CFGP. Some stories bury him a pauper, some a millionaire; nearly every version has its own cause of death, nearly every version has its own detailed description of the man himself. On one thing only is there exact agreement, and that is the place of his grave.

The grave is indeed too well marked to admit of any disagreement. It is at the

top of the long winding hill leading down to the town of Peace River from the south, and it affords "Twelve-foot's" ghost an extraordinarily fine view. At the foot of the hill the town's dust heaps and alleys are decently concealed, only its roofs and its rather attractive main street showing through the trees. From the south-west the Peace, just reinforced by the Smoky, swells out of the blue-green line of bush, passes by the town and under the railway bridge without deigning to notice either of them, and goes back into the bush to the north-east. A road, visibly trembling in awe of the river, falters up the far bank and into the muskegs, where it regains its confidence sufficiently to run in a long westerly curve until one's eye loses it. On the near bank just beside the puny little Harmon trickles into the Peace hoping, by the trees which nearly close over its ravine and the smallness of the wooden bridge by which the road runs over it, to escape detection. The townspeople have turned it into a sort of sewer. How little it merits this indignity is very plain to anyone standing besides Davis' grave, for from that point one can see the great green oval of the Harmon Valley, in the making of which the river has spent its strength. From a narrow point some miles up the stream down to the little bridge over the tree-filled ravine the valley is the game reserve, blocking the town's growth southward but preserving the beauty of the Harmon to match the dignity of the Peace.

But Peace River was rather out of my way, and Falher for all its wealth and wickedness did not attract me. A much bigger part of my existence was the school. There were, when I arrived, nine children attending it. It soon became clear that there were also nine different grades in it, because none of my pupils had forgotten things at the same rate since last they had had a teacher. Two very pretty little girls spoke no English at all; I showed them pictures and made myself as aimable as I could until they were able to do more than smile at me in English. One and all they showed an astounding readiness for hard work, even one girls who was making her third or fourth attempt at Grade One, and whom before leaving I condemned to yet another. All summer they worked prodigiously, scrambling through arithmetic and all the rest of it in the manner of Pip through his alphabet, as if it had been a

bramble-bush. They needed my encouragement far more on the playground than elsewhere, for there they could not be left to their own devices. They were so few and so well acquainted with each other's shortcomings, that any game they began ended in a quarrel either between French-Canadians and Ukrainians or between boys and girls. From the first day to the last I had to choose, define and supervise every game they played; nothing served to wean them from this practice. Towards the end of May a brief epidemic of influenza carried off two of them, one the younger of the two little girls who could communicate to me only by smiles and nods. I went over a spongy corduroy side road and through a muskeg by foot to get news of two others, and was surprised at the greatness of my relief when they appeared pale, but surely recovering.

At the end of June, the schools that had been open all winter closed, and the Kozij children descended upon them, filling the house and forcing me to move. I moved into the teacherage which, being near the highway, was very attractively painted on the outside, but was unfinished and unfurnished within. My meals I took with a French-Canadian family across the road the Ethiers.

I soon discovered that I had moved into the link between the French-Canadian community west of the highway and the half-dozen Ukrainian families east of it. Most of the French were Mrs. Ethier's relatives but the family's anti-clericalism kept them a little out of that orbit. The Ukrainian young people came over to sit around the gramophone with the Ethiers, playing Wilf Carter over and over until I wept inwardly. Only occasionally did the gramophone annoy Mr. Ethier, and then he revenged himself by playing French records which poured out words in torrents about the quintuplets or about someone selling vegetables in the streets. When the gramophone broke, which was pretty often, he fixed it while the rest of the company turned to the radio. Then CFGP seldom failed to provide more Wilf Carter. If it did, big whist was a good game, requiring so little concentration that conversation was not interrupted, and easily abandoned when Mr. Ethier had the gramophone working again. Since nobody had a car, pleasure trips to Falher, about 15 miles away, were not possible, and since the Ethiers had a radio, gramophone, two decks of cards, two

(Continued on page sixteen)

NOT MET

C. D. GORDON

IT WAS A DIRTY DAY even for the North Atlantic in wartime. Heavy clouds seemed to hang just above the masts of the huge liner plunging eastward under all steam, with ragged wisps torn off and blowing mistily across the towering crests of the waves. There was too much wind for fog, but what with the spray whipped off the water and these rushing tatters of clouds, the visibility was down to a mile or less most of the time. For this Captain Charles Campbell was thankful as he paced the hundred foot bridge, but in the occasional vagaries of the weather, when the clouds lifted and the spray settled for a moment, he was anxious, and prayed for a deep concealing fog, or at least the arrival of the promised air cover. Since early dawn he had been on his bridge, noting with growing concern that the weather was becoming clearer, and momentarily afraid (if such a man could be said to be afraid of anything), that soon he would be left with neither concealment nor protection.

In some way he knew that this trip was not just an ordinary routine wartime crossing, of which in the past four years he had made many. For he remembered the last minute loading of his forward hold, and the extreme care with which the eighteen crates had been lowered down the hatch and stowed. They had been labelled "Aircraft Spares, Boeing, Seattle," but why the extraordinary precautions in their stowing? Why the secrecy and rush for their delivery? And above all, why was that hold barred to everyone and guarded day and night by picked guards? He shrugged these questions aside, for there had been other odd shipments in the past, which had later turned out to have been extremely urgent necessities for the protection of England and her armies. He thought of the teeming bunks below decks, piled three deep through all the grand ballrooms and dining salons, and alive with ten thousand troops for the battles to come. These were, he knew, his responsibility; their lives were in his hands. And once more he noted how the wind was falling and the sky was clearing.

"An important signal, sir," the assistant wireless operator was handing him a piece of paper. He read it and his face lengthened dourly as he walked back to the chart room.

"Where's this position in relation to us, Lieutenant?" he enquired of the young man bent over a large table. Lieutenant Whiting took the signal and read: "Attention Captain S.S. Ferry, U Boat reported position 53° 16'N, 48° 22'W." "Ferry" he knew was the code for this huge liner.

A moment's work at the charts, and he he turned with the lack of excitement or expression bred into him by the service, and pointing to a position on the map, said, "We're here, and here's the U Boat's reported position." His two fingers were less than 20 miles apart and the submarine was almost dead ahead.

"Thank you, Lieutenant." Captain Campbell marched back to the bridge. To the helmsman he said, "Alter course 20° port. Full speed ahead." He knew speed and evasion were his only weapons and defence. This ship was too fast to be confined to the slow speed of the convoy, and shipping was too urgent a matter for England's safety to waste the abilities of this huge command of his. Of course, the only chance a U-Boat had was to lie in wait for him and nail him as he passed, for nothing could catch this vessel. So he was alone on the ocean.

He glanced at his watch and noted with the meticulousness of a navigator, that the time was 11:43. Soon coffee would be brought to him by a white-jacketed steward, and the men down below would be lining up for lunch, and the guards of the mysterious crates would be being changed.

"Where the hell is that damned plane they promised me?" he wondered. "Blasted incompetents, these airforce fellows, never there when you need them!" These were his unuttered thoughts. Aloud he only said, "Double the lookouts forward, Lieutenant, please."

* * *

"Jeez, what a hell of a day!" The navigator of the Catalina flying boat was on his way forward to take a drift, and had paused beside the pilots to pass this gratuitous remark. The automatic pilot was engaged and both pilots were sitting glumly in their seats munching ham sandwiches, but never taking their eyes from the black and empty waves churning the sea 800 feet below. George Cohing, the captain and first pilot, was vaguely uneasy about more icing like they'd run into earlier that morning, and was occasionally check-

ing the compass trim of the plane, but he was beginning to wonder when they'd meet the ship.

Swallowing the last of his sandwich he pressed the button on the inter-communication mike, "Pilot to Navigator. When are we due to intercept?"

Cy Rice, the Navigator, was back again at his table. He answered, "Eleven oh six, one-one-zero-six" and went back to his plotting. He turned to the wireless operator behind him, at his own table surrounded by the complications of his elaborate radios, "Say, Roy," he yelled above the noise of the motors, "How about a D/F fix?"

"Sorry, Cy," Roy Roberts shouted back, "The damn aerials are unserviceable. That ice tore them loose and a D/F wouldn't be worth a nickel."

"Oh hell," thought Cy, turning back to his work, "No astro in these clouds! No radio now! And with winds like these and the plane dancing all over the sky, my D.R. isn't going to be so hot."

Again the intercom clicked: "Captain to crew. Captain to crew. We're due at the ship in fifteen minutes. Keep a sharp lookout, eh fellows?"

"O.K. George," some voice piped up, "But in this weather it would be hard even to find North America."

Cy looked at his watch—11:06, the time was up. He went forward to look over the pilot's shoulders, hoping to see the ship through the mist, but with a sinking feeling that it was a vain hope. The pilot said nothing for several minutes; then he turned toward the navigator. "Well, chum, we missed. What do you want to do now?"

"Well, I guess a relative square search would be best. About two miles visibility would you say?"

"Yea, something about that. O.K. tell me what course you want. I think the weather's clearing a bit."

For four hours they flew on in ever enlarging squares, looking in vain for the elusive ship they had been sent out to protect. Every eye strained through the broken clouds and rain squalls, but without any sign of the liner they were looking for. Once George thought he saw a black speck on the water, and with a leap of excitement in his heart he made a steep circle above it. But it was lost among the swirling breakers and he decided he'd been seeing things. So they went on their way.

Finally, reluctantly Cy called the pilot on the intercom. "Navigator to Pilot. I guess we'll have to give up, George. Time to go home."

"O.K." the mechanical voice crackled back, "What course?"

"Two-six-four-compass-two-six-four." And the aircraft slowly turned headed back over five hundred miles of ocean to warm quarters and supper. Everyone was cheerful except the navigator and captain who knew the mission had failed. "How about some coffee?" Cy asked. While he waited he went forward to find another wind.

* * *

Oberleutnant Kafnir was in a bad mood this morning. First of all he was angry with the weather which made it almost impossible to bring his boat, the U-533, to periscope depth without exposing the whole conning tower in the troughs of the waves. Further, the seas would make a torpedo attack very difficult, what with the rolling and pitching of the ship. Secondly, he was angry with the new radio officer who had spent a whole minute broadcasting the morning report to base, just as if he had never heard of the English D/F facilities. The broadcast might not have been picked up, but you just shouldn't take those chances. He was especially angry at this mistake, because he had just been informed that the greatest prize of the war might be his this morning.

Ever since the war began the U-waffe had been trying to sink England's largest liner, and no one had yet had any luck. She always travelled unescorted, that was known, but her terrific speed prevented any chase, and the only chance at her would come, he knew, to the submarine which happened by good management or luck, to be lying right in her path. And it looked, this morning, as if his might be that lucky ship for the Folke Wulf reconnaissance plane had reported less than half an hour before that the great prize was only fifteen miles away, and approaching on a course that would take it within a thousand yards of him.

No wonder Oberleutnant was nervous and on edge, then, as he ordered "Up periscope." He looked at his watch—11:32. "Flood forward torpedo tubes," he ordered.

The junior officer on the delicate listening device turned, and with ill-concealed excitement said, "Sir, come here, sir. I'm

getting something at 4½ miles. It's a ship, all right."

Kafnir looked and listened in silence, and his thin lips tightened still more in his nervousness, and for a moment he thought of the Knight's cross he would probably get for his days work. Then he moved to the periscopes. Putting his eye first to the small attack periscope, he very carefully scanned all the horizon, his view being periodically blotted out by the waves washing over the top.

"Three miles now, sir," called the officer on the listening set, but Kafnir saw nothing yet.

For a moment he turned to the larger anti-aircraft periscope, the usual precautionary routine, and, in his haste, as he almost carelessly swung it around, his eyes suddenly stopped, and for a moment all his body was rigid.

"Crash dive," he shouted, "Full forward speed. Flood all compartments." Anxiously he watched for a few seconds as the Calalina approached, and then the waters closed over the periscope and he left the eyepiece.

"Three hundred feet," he ordered, "Alter course 90° starboard."

"One and a half miles," the radio officer reported.

"Shut up, you fool." Oberleutnant Kafnir, his face white with rage turned on his subordinate. "Don't you realize I've just missed getting the biggest ship in the world?"

* * *

Back at base, Cy Rice and George Cohing were sitting wearily in the operation room, telling about the abortive patrol. The O.C. of the squadron had interrogated them with disapproval and disappointment, but he was finished now.

"Before you go, Rice—Cohing, I want to say that I'm very disappointed. I don't care how bad the weather was, or whether you could take sun shots or get D/F fixes or not. When you go out to protect a ship, I expect fellows in this squadron to find them. This was a pretty poor show, you know. You didn't accomplish one damn thing this flight. O.K., let's forget it now. I've had my chin. Now, how about a beer in the mess?"

ON BEING A FOREIGNER

(Continued from page four)

my seat before remembrance swept over me. I was home! nevertheless I listened shamelessly.

"I say, send every one of them home. Canada is a white man's country and we must keep those yellow devils out."

A bell rang in the back of my mind. "Yellow devil! Foreign devil!" Were there those in Canada who were being made to feel as foreign as I had felt? Surely Canadians wouldn't shout and stare and laugh. Just the same some of the joy was gone from my homecoming.

War conditions lengthened my stay in Canada from one to six years and I travelled north, south, east and west. I heard the terms Wops, Chinks, Dagos, Japs, and the rest hurled scornfully at people who are trying to be a part of the life we call Canadian. I have tried to tell my friends how lonely and hurt I felt, but their response was one of anger that White should be so treated by a Yellow. Many are amazed that I should think these "foreigners" had any real feeling. Few seem to think that it makes any difference.

Canada is taking a prominent part in the United Nations conferences in the attempt to bring about world peace. Let us not delude ourselves that this world peace depends upon the attitude of Russia and the keeping down of Germany and Japan. It depends mainly on the attitude of the average man and woman toward their neighbour, especially if his skin is of another color. Let us start at home as well as abroad. It may be the beam in our own eye that makes the mote in our brother's eye seem so apparent.



VIRGINIA WOOLF

(Continued from page eight)

upon the bank, and she was gone, far beyond the confines of time and space, perhaps, into reality. With the tribute of a schoolboy, I bring this paper to a close. "This is merely a schoolboy's appreciation of Virginia Woolf—a philistine in praise of a passing greatness. "Think upon this a soul at rest At peace for ever past life's eventide A heart though weary yet for ever blest For with the tongue of angels she replied And out a labyrinth of man-born strife A tangled coil of self-inflicted pain She stole, and laying down her life She left the thought of what might be again."

John Taylor, Spectator, April, 1941.

PACIFICA

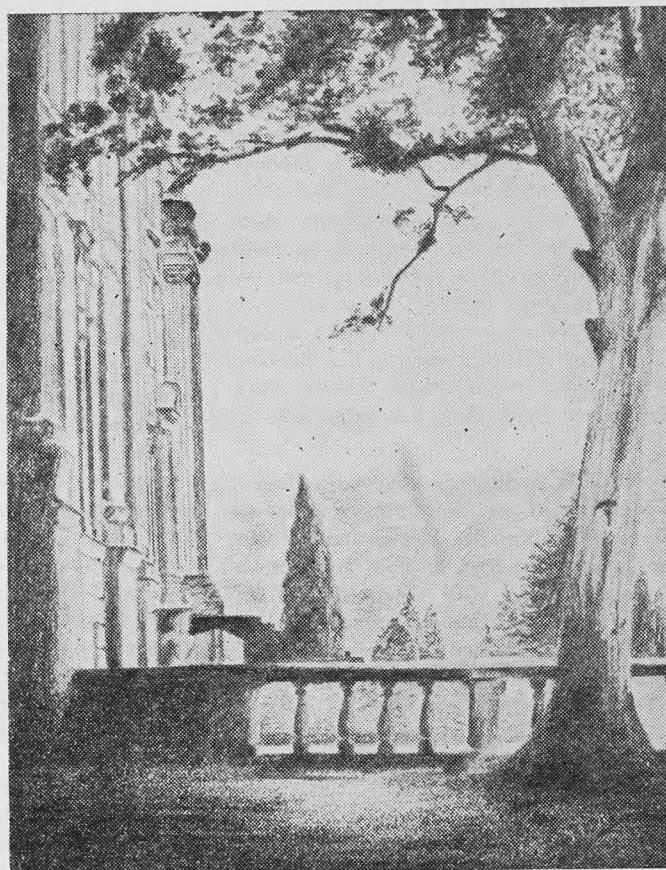
Restless, moving, western sea,
Rolling, moaning, beating free
Endlessly.

've walked beside you in the dawning
On the sand beach in the morning,
Watched the mountains' cloud veils changing
In the sunlight, slowly melting—
Touched with saffron, silver-blending.
And the sea below, unending,
Kisses the rocks and murmurs tales
Of far-off isles and ancient sails,
While the waters change 'neath the rising sun,
And a gamut of gorgeous colors run,
From opal and emerald and amethyst,
To the strange blue-green that I love the best—
Drested with foam-lace and jewelled with spray
Like the silken cloak of some long-past day
That ripples and gleams under copper sun,
And when the langorous day is done
It shimmers and sheens, as the moonlight glows,
Deep purple, and ivory—faery rose.

At
The mystic and magic and calls me on
To follow the sun 'til another dawn
Breaks, to find me far at sea—
And ever westward, my bark shall be
With sails set for an unnamed isle
Which lures me to linger and dream awhile.
But when night winds sing a lullaby
I'll watch the stars slip down the sky.
My sails fill and I drift along
Across the Mother-sea to another dawn
To another island, another sea—
Each place I touch takes a part of me.
When, in some far-off future day
When memory's eyes are the only way
To see the shores, the islands dear
I've sought and loved through the lonely years
I'll have a treasure, not gems nor gold,
But wealth which will keep, when I'm worn and old,
My spirit still happy, joyous, free
To sail once more the restless sea,
Down halls of wind and wave and foam
To the places my heart still calls my home,
Where wealth is in strips and bars and bands
Of golden sunlight across the sands,
In platinum pools 'neath a crescent moon—
In ebony shadows on smooth lagoons—
In silken swells of a tide-swept sea
Drested with pearls in filagree.

And when my spirit soars forth from me,
Heaven's my due, I shall not see
A peaceful land where all is still.
Instead I shall roam, as I always will,
Down the corridors of sun and space,
Never finding one dwelling place,
For my paradise is but to know
That my soul may wander where it would go
And follow, forever, endlessly
The restless, moving, joyous, free
Western Sea.

—H. McG.



J. J. RODNEY.

THE FORGOTTEN MEN

Have you heard? Have you heard? Wind-born through the glen
The footsteps of the forgotten men?
Have you seen, have you seen, in the dim twilight
Those tortured faces, strained and white
Of the comrades brave who fell that we
Might call the earth that we walk
The free?
Have ye harkened to the hollow tread
Of the men enrolled among the dead
Whose spirits are desolate with sorrow
As they seek, but find, no glad tomorrow,
Only the thorn, never the rose,
On the barren heath where the north wind blows.

—H. McG.



THE MIGHTY PEACE

(Continued from page twelve)

guitars, and a fiddle, they were sighed after. The Ukrainian also over only when they wanted Mr. who had been a blacksmith and a maker, to fix something. They own gatherings, too sedate to attract children. I was invited to several evenings, but gave up going to cause my presence never induced speak in a language which I could stand; it was different among the Canadians, who never spoke French. I was among them until I became follow it.

Mr. Ethier's position as a member of two groups of neighbors rather to his sense of humor. It was soon before I was sure that he had one lean wolfish face, with a shock capping it and sticking out at the like the letter T, seemed anything but humored. His smiles were flashes and teeth, his manner was always his voice was clear and hard, and laugh was something near a cough bark. Yet he teased everyone, teased by everyone, and scoured to try for jokes. I once narrowly missed a tree with his buggy, so a week driving by a woodlot of huge, fell he observed that I had been out in my buggy again. Later still, he and I across an open pasture in the buggy single tree in the distance. Very cautiously, he relieved me of the reins. His children were his apt pupils. None of the neighbors escaped being nicknamed. The

so that I came to expound to Mr. Ethier almost exactly what Mr. Kozij had expounded to me. By the end of August,

law when I came away, I had as a result ing these discussions developed something approaching a Junior Chamber of Commerce attitude. The other day, when I heard quite by accident, a voice over the radio saying, "This is CFGP, the friendly 1,000 watt voice of the Peace River country," experienced a thrill of more than recognition. But I am not entirely a convert, for when Wilf Carter began to sing, I turned the radio off.



PERCIVAL SPOILS HIS PEN

(Continued from page ten)

So fine did he feel, in fact, that he stayed in the water for some time sporting around, frolics in and out among the schools of fish. Tiring at last of the sport, Percival climbed up the bank. But without sighs of deep regret, because that pool was one particularly lovely female rainbow trout. I remember how Percival described the brief courtship, and the parting full of true romantic, fish-tenderness.

But some ill-effects resulted from his experience. For some time after his swim he could not be comfortable in a warm room. Also, he experienced some discomfort breathing ordinary air, foreign to his fish blood. He was further pained by the desire to write love poetry—a desire brought on perhaps because of his nostalgia for the rainbow life, or perhaps, simply because he had not completely emptied the ink from the pen before the transfusion. In any event, his pen was ruined.

A maiden, Fair Filareae,

With sunny hair in fillet bound,
On tender feet paced slow along

The craggy road that gyri wound
Up to her graafian knight, Sir Pons,
Lord of the Isles of Langerhans.

Ten Crura Crebi round her soared
To wheel and dart in lanellae:
Phalanges guarding her from harm
That lurked along that canthus way,

And Taenia Solium, eerie fay
Of sun and shadow, wafted high
On iridescent wings, to breathe
His adoration, sweet and shy.

A schollex, lonely mid the lymph,
In elfin game skipped light;
Leaped setae round, sang laminae
With lumen glances bright;
Knelt at her feet, in rapture won,
Murmuring, "Diancephelon."

FILAREAE

MARJORIE JENKINS

Before, the dark chiasma lay,
Beneath, the infundibulum;
A dizzy ossicle was all
That bridged the wide foramenum

To Castle Vomerine, piled high
Upon the vast calcaneum,
Towered by mighty otolith,
Pylorus gray, capitulum.

The Copora Quadrigemina
Stalked fiercely two by two,
Their cricoid Captain, Palatine,
Strode, leader of the sulci crew,—
"Halt!" and they ranged in serried file
Guarding that squamous sarcostyle.

"Turn back, thou innocent", he mocked,
"Sinensis Fascia hold thy place,
A gypsy she, a tawney flame,
A scarlet mouth, a lotus face,
Luring him on with provoking glance,
Flaunting her limbs in tosion dance.

"Gracilis, pia mater dear:
Ancient nurse who tended me:
Lorn I wander,—Lacrimae
Vallens suspensorium
Genu crus,—I come to thee."

She saw not Taenia droop in woe
Nor heard the Crebri's angry cry,
She faltered to the 'zygos depths
And leaped, a phrenic maid, to die.

A cypress marks her lonely grave;
The fireflies, 'stead of tapers tall,
In phosphorescence glimmered through
The vague cloud that was her pall.
Sighing, the winds in dirge chordae
Moaned on the Nodes of Ranvier.

THE MIGHTY PEACE

(Continued from page twelve)

guitars, and a fiddle, they were not often sighed after. The Ukrainian alders came over only when they wanted Mr. Ethier, who had been a blacksmith and a harness maker, to fix something. They had their own gatherings, too sedate to attract their children. I was invited to several of these evenings, but gave up going to them because my presence never induced them to speak in a language which I could understand; it was different among the French-Canadians, who never spoke French when I was among them until I became able to follow it.

Mr. Ethier's position as a member of each of two groups of neighbors rather appealed to his sense of humor. It was some weeks before I was sure that he had one, for his lean wolfish face, with a shock of hair capping it and sticking out at the temples like the letter T, seemed anything but good-humored. His smiles were flashes of eyes and teeth, his manner was always brusque, his voice was clear and hard, and even his laugh was something near a cough or a bark. Yet he teased everyone, and was teased by everyone, and scoured the country for jokes. I once narrowly missed a tree with his buggy, so a week later, on driving by a woodlot of huge, felled trees, he observed that I had been out in the buggy again. Later still, he and I, driving across an open pasture in the buggy, saw a single tree in the distance. Very ostentatiously, he relieved me of the reins. His children were his apt pupils. None of the neighbors escaped being nicknamed. The

best of these were those given to a squaw man and his family—he was called Sitting Bull, and his wife and daughter were Big and Little Bull Dozer, respectively.

Mr. Ethier was also one of the few people who never preached to me the sermon on Peace River friendliness. On the contrary he had many yarns about Peace River bloodthirstiness. Some, like that of the woman who first had her husband carry in a tremendous amount of wood and then murdered him, cut him into bits, and burned him in the cookstove, seemed to be true. The police caught her when they found some charred bones hidden under the floor boards. True too, was the story of the man who cut the throats of his wife, his son, and himself, only to have all three recover. Perhaps it was true that about three years before, in a fight in my school house, a man had been thrown clean out of one of the windows and fearfully cut. But I found it hard to believe Mr. Ethier's prize story, that a young boy, having seen his father butcher a pig, and butchered the baby and then into the yard to tell his mother. The story ran that she was helping her husband dig a new well, and the news made her drop a bucket full of earth on her husband below, killing him. That she thereupon hurled the boy after the bucket seemed to me an unnecessary embellishment.

Indeed, such tales as this one forced upon me the role of apostle of Peace River's friendliness, if only to reassure myself (for I slept alone in the teacherage), so that I came to expound to Mr. Ethier almost exactly what Mr. Kozij had expounded to me. By the end of August,

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A scholex, lonely mid the lymph,

In elfin game skipped light;

Leaped setae round, sang laminae

With lumen glances bright;

Knelt at her feet, in rapture won,

Murmuring, "Diancephelon."

FILAREAE

MARJORIE JENKINS

Before, the dark chiasma lay,

Beneath, the infundibulum;

A dizzy ossicle was all

That bridged the wide foramenum

To Castle Vomerine, piled high

Upon the vast calcaneum,

Towered by mighty otolith,

Pylorus gray, capitulum.

The Copora Quadrigemina

Stalked fiercely two by two,

Their cricoid Captain, Palatine,

Strode, leader of the sulci crew,—

"Halt!" and they ranged in serried file

Guarding that squamous sarcostyle.

"Turn back, thou innocent", he mocked

"Sinensis Fascia hold thy place,

A gypsy she, a tawney flame,

A scarlet mouth, a lotus face,

Luring him on with provoking glance,

Flaunting her limbs in tosion dance.

"Gracilis, pia mater dear:

Ancient nurse who tended me:

Lorn I wander,—Lacrimae

Vallens suspensorium

Genu crus,—I come to thee."

She saw not Taenia droop in woe

Nor heard the Crebri's angry cry,

She faltered to the 'zygos depths

And leaped, a phrenic maid, to die.

A cypress marks her lonely grave;

The fireflies, 'stead of tapers tall,

In phosphorescence glimmered through

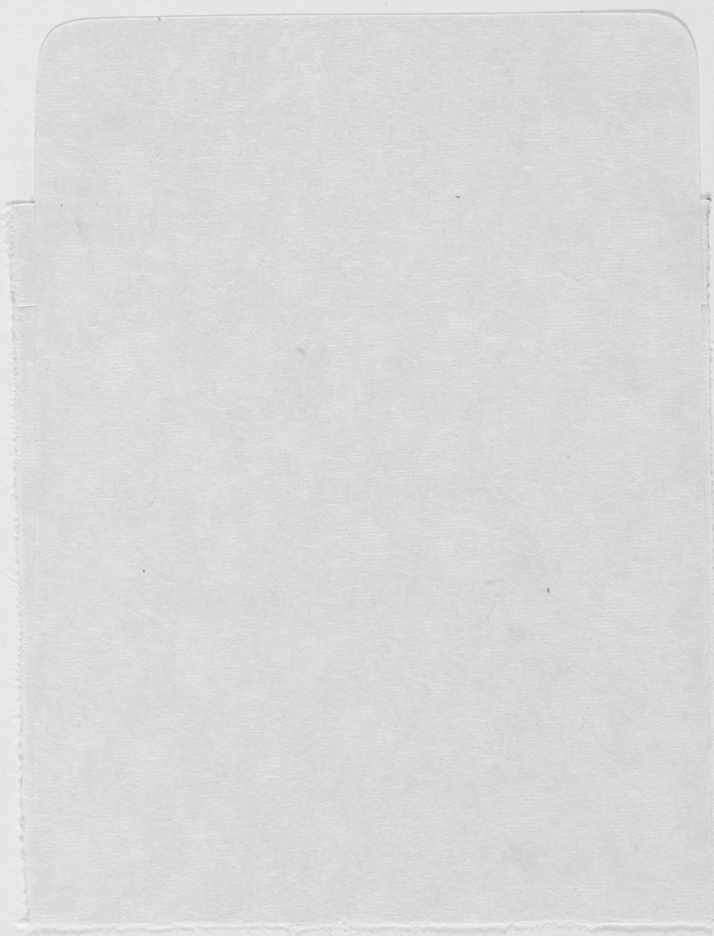
The vagus cloud that was her pall.

Sighing, the winds in dirge chordae

Moaned on the Nodes of Ranvier.

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